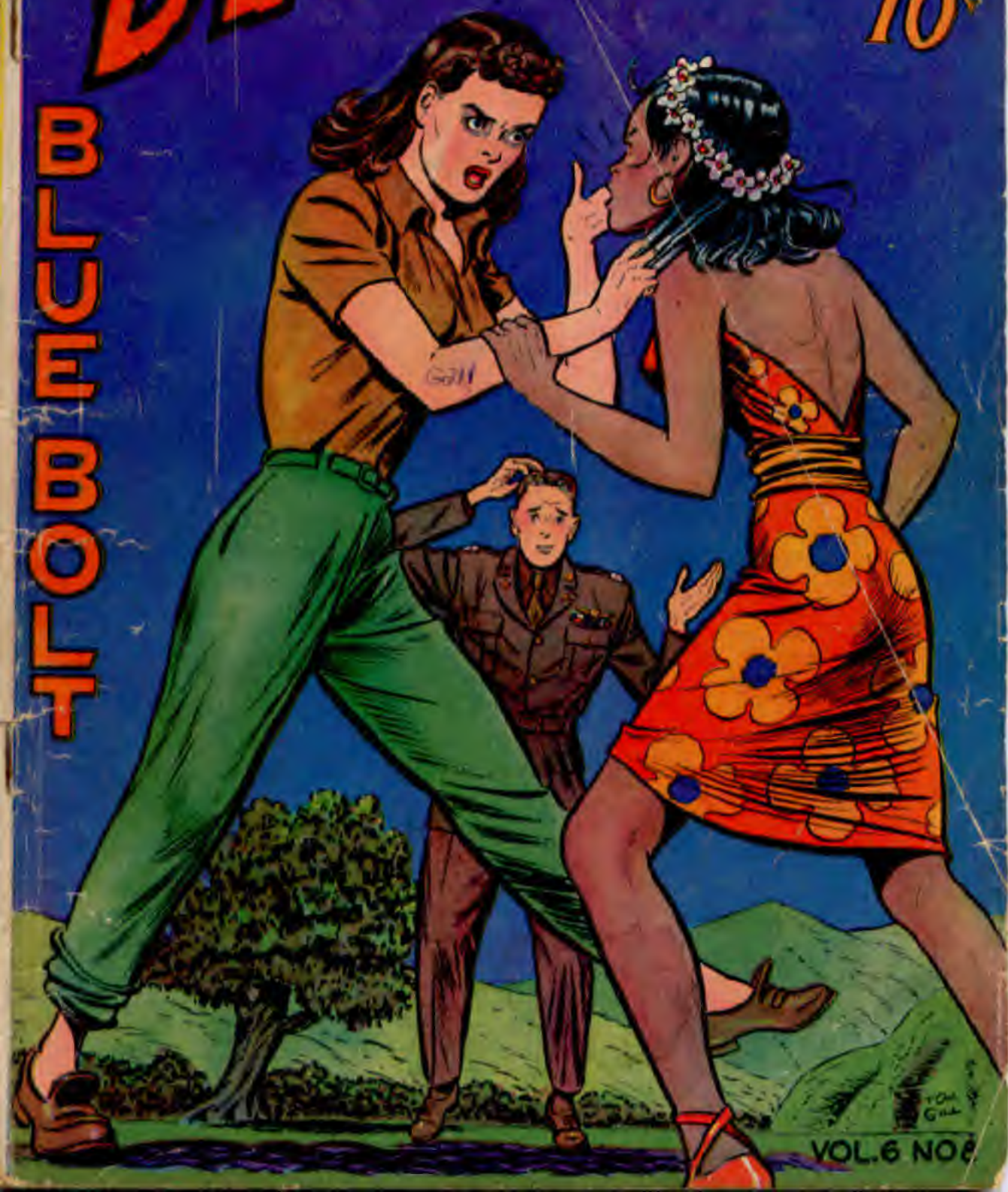


MARCH

BLUE BOLT

10¢

BLUE BOLT



VOL. 6 NO. 8



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BLUE BOLT FLASHES

The Editors Write:

Dear Readers!

The March of Dimes will be in full swing by the time this issue of BLUE BOLT hits the stands and we're counting on you to support it 100%. It's a mighty worthy cause; it helps thousands stricken by infantile paralysis back to healthy, worthwhile lives. It's a terrific job; fighting against epidemics, caring for patients, keeping fully staffed hospitals and research departments in full swing; and our help is needed—yours and mine! How about it, gang?

You 4MOST readers will find an old enemy of Dick Cole's in this issue of BLUE BOLT. Denny is really out for revenge and Dick will find it mighty hard to side-step his shrewd maneuvers. Krisko and Jasper are still getting into trouble hot and heavy and you few who haven't quite cared for Sergeant Spook will get a terrific kick out of him this trip. Write and tell us whether you like two short stories in BLUE BOLT, like those in this issue, or whether you would prefer one longer story. We'll print what YOU want. We've gotten quite a few letters about the fiction either objecting to it or giving it an ok, but none say whether they care for the one-pagers or the two-pagers.

Hope you all had a corking New Year—don't forget the March of Dimes!

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading my favorite comic book—BLUE BOLT naturally! I enjoy Dick Cole more than any other story because he is never dull. As a matter of fact, your book is everyone's favorite.

I hope that the paper situation will soon ease up so you can have an entire book of Dick Cole. You can always count me as a Dick Cole fan.

Sincerely,
Terry Azar
Jacksonville, Florida

Glad to hear you enjoy Dick Cole so much, Terry. How's the story in this issue?

Dear Editors:

I have been reading BLUE BOLT for a long time now. I think Dick Cole and Edison Bell are the best. Sergeant Spook is good, too. The other stories are o.k. and the Q's and A's are very interesting.

Thanks an awful lot for putting out such a good comic as BLUE BOLT.

A faithful reader,
Mary Tormey
New Rochelle, New York

You and Terry seem to agree on Dick Cole. We're glad that girls as well as boys like the Farr stories.

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the last issue of BLUE BOLT. It really is, in my opinion, the best comic book on the market.

My favorite stories are Dick Cole, Fearless Fellers, and Cap Hawkins' Tales. Need I say the others are all good, too?

To my regret I cannot always get this book, but when I do, I enjoy it to its full extent, you may be sure.

A faithful reader,
Evelyn Berger
Cincinnati, Ohio

You'll have less and less trouble getting BLUE BOLT now, Evelyn, since the war is over.

Dear Editors:

I'm an old reader of BLUE BOLT and I have the first issue. The stories are swell but I wish Dick Cole would have more adventures like his en-

counters with Simba Karno in Volume II.

And now the problem of a story for girls! I don't think BLUE BOLT should be ruined by a girl's silly escapade. There are several magazines printed for girls only. BLUE BOLT is tops—keep it that way.

An old fan,
George Webber
Breckinridge, Texas

There can be girls in a story, George, and still plenty of action and excitement. Just watch.

Dear Editors:

I am 12 years old and am writing to tell you how much I enjoy BLUE BOLT. I like Dick Cole best, but they're really all swell. Thanks for publishing BLUE BOLT but I wish you'd have just one story for the girls.

Yours truly,
Dorothy Dennenmann
Cincinnati, Ohio

We're getting more and more girls into BLUE BOLT, Dorothy. Haven't you noticed?

Dear Editors:

I enjoy BLUE BOLT very much, and also I find great pleasure in reading BLUE BOLT Flashes. It is nice to know that this comic is circulating every place . . . (even in England). My parents like this comic, too.

I particularly like the adventures of the Fearless Fellers.

Yours truly,
Vera E. King
Hazardville, Conn.

Hope you get a kick out of the pranks of the Fearless Fellers this issue, Vera.

★ ★ ★
**GIVE TO THE
VICTORY
CLOTHING
COLLECTION**

★ ★ ★

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.
\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE



IN THE BACK ROOM OF ERNIE'S POOL PARLOR IN CENTERVIEW TWO MEN ARE TALKING. ONE MAN IS DENNIS, AN OLD ENEMY OF DICK COLE. THE MAN WITH DENNIS HAS BEEN ASKING QUESTIONS.

JIM WILCOX

WELL, JOE, YOU'RE JUST BACK FROM THREE YEARS IN STIR, SO, HERE'S THE SCORE. FIRST CENTERVIEW'S A1 TO WORK OUT OF. SECOND, THE BOYS AIN'T HERE 'COUNT OF A HI-JACKIN' JOB IN COLEDO FOR MR. Y. LAST, I'M HERE TO GET DICK COLE!

WHO'S DICK COLE? FLAT-FOOT, OR...?

N CR SO

HE'S A CADET AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY. A YEAR AGO HE GUMMED A DEAL, LORD LUDD GETS KILLED, I GETS LAID UP FOR MONTHS WITH TWO BUSTED LEGS. THEN, LAST NOVEMBER, COLE DOES IT AGAIN.

WOT! BUST YER GAMS AGAIN?



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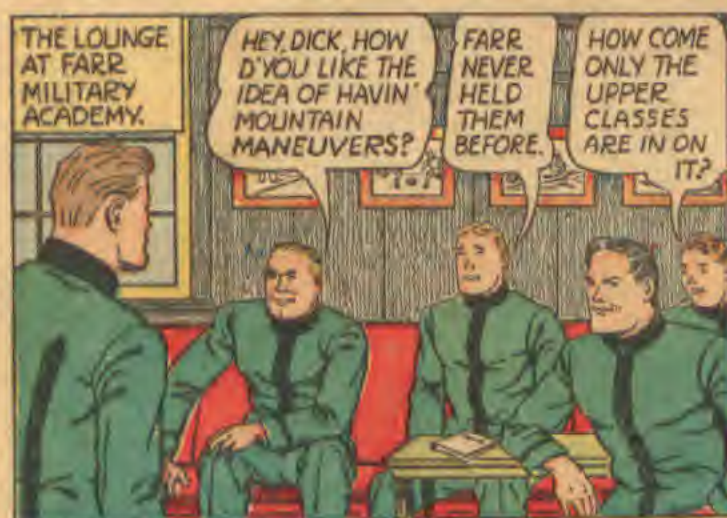
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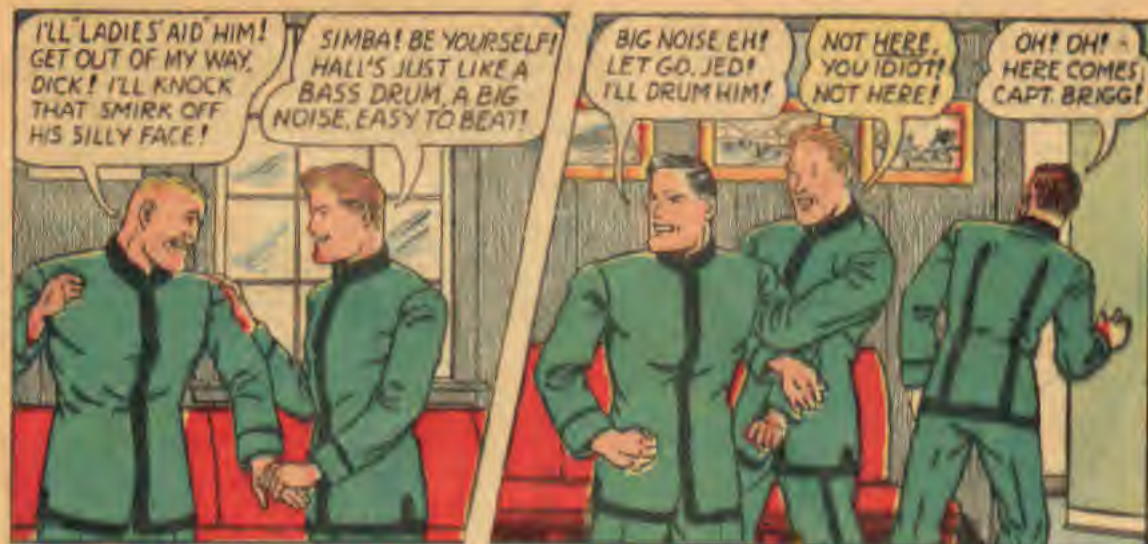
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AS BARK HALL BREAKS AWAY FROM JED, TO LAUNCH A TERRIFIC HAY-MAKER AT DICK, SLIP'RY JERKS THE RUG FROM UNDER BARK'S FEET, FLIPPING BARK INTO THE AIR, JUST A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE CAPT. BRIGG ENTERS THE LOUNGE.



JOE! IT'S US FOR MT. ROCKY SATURDAY. I'VE A HUNCH WE CAN GET DICK COLE DURING THOSE MUNDOOVERS! C'MON, WE GOTTA BUY OUTFITS. AND...THE ANTE IS RAISED TO TWO C'S, 'COUNT IT'LL BE COLD WORK.



OKAY, FOR TWO C'S... I'LL GO.

SATURDAY NOON ON MT. ROCKY.



ATTENTION, GENTLEMEN. WE, THE GREEN ARMY, ARE ACTING AS A REAR GUARD. THE BLACK ARMY IS THE ADVANCE OF THE ENEMY. THE PROBLEM, TO HOLD MT. ROCKY FOR SIX HOURS AGAINST THE BLACK ARMY.

THERE ARE THREE ROADS OVER MT. ROCKY WHICH MUST BE HELD. ONE CROSSES A CHASM BY AN OLD BRIDGE. WE HAVE PERMISSION TO REALLY BLOW IT UP..... ATTENTION TO ORDERS!



LT. KARNO, YOU AND YOUR PLATOON DEFEND ROAD X. LT. TODLEY, YOU DEFEND ROAD Y. LT. COLE, YOU ARE TO DESTROY THE BRIDGE ON ROAD Z...THEN HOLD THE PASS. MY COMMAND POST WILL BE AT A2.



LT. COLE, TAKE ALL PRECAUTIONS SO NO ONE IS INJURED WHEN YOU BLOW UP THE BRIDGE. WATCH ESPECIALLY FOR BLACK ARMY PATROLS.

YES, SIR.



30 MINUTES LATER.

WELL, HERE'S THE BRIDGE. CORP'RAL SNEED, TWO MAN PATROLS OUT FIVE HUNDRED YARDS, NORTH, EAST AND WEST, FOR SAFETY. CORP'RAL SLIP'RY, YOU, MILLS, READ, SET THE CHARGE AND BLOW THE BRIDGE AT MY SIGNAL. LEND ME YOUR RIFLE AND BAYONET, MILLS.



I'M SCOUTING AS FAR SOUTH AS THAT TALL, DEAD TREE AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK. THE SUN WILL GLINT FROM THIS BAYONET... WHEN I SIGNAL WITH IT, FROM THAT TREE, SET OFF THE CHARGE. POSTS!



DICK DEPARTS, AND SLIP'RY AND HIS MEN GO ABOUT SETTING THE CHARGE TO DESTROY THE OLD BRIDGE. MEANWHILE, ABOUT TWO MILES TO THE SOUTH DENNY AND JOE ARE MAKING GOOD PROGRESS TOWARDS MT. ROCKY.

PUFF-PUFF... EASE UP A-PUFF-MINUTE, DENNY... WHAT DO WE-PUFF-DO WITH COLE WHEN WE GET PUFF... HIM?

COLE IS GOING TO FALL OVER A CLIFF ACCIDENTAL, OF COURSE.



AND, ABOUT THE SAME DISTANCE AWAY, TO THE SOUTH EAST—

SERGEANT JAXON. SCOUT THAT PATH WITH THREE MEN. FASANI AND I WILL FOLLOW THIS TRAIL.

OKAY, BARKER... I MEAN, YES, SIR.



LATER.

SEE THAT TALL DEAD TREE UP AHEAD? WE'LL CLIMB THAT AND HAVE A LOOK. WE SHOULD BE GETTING CLOSE TO ROAD Z, FASANI, AND MAYBE SOME FUN!



MEANWHILE, DICK REACHES THE DEAD TREE.

HAVEN'T SEEN A SOUL, SO, I'LL CLIMB UP AND SIGNAL SLIP'RY, BEFORE A BLACK ARMY PATROL HAPPENS ALONG.



AS DICK REACHES THE TREE, HE IS SPOTTED BY DENNY, HALF A MILE AWAY.

JOE! QUICK! TAKE THE GLASSES! THERE'S COLE! STANDING BY THAT DEAD TREE!



BUT AS DENNY HANDS JOE THE GLASSES, DICK SWINGS UP INTO THE TREE AND, WHEN JOE PEERS THROUGH THE LENSES, HE PICKS UP, NOT DICK, BUT BARK HALL AND FASANI, LEANING ON A DEAD, FALLEN TREE. NATURALLY, HE MISTAKES BARK FOR DICK.

LIEUTENANT, I JUST GOT-PUFF-TO REST A-PUFF-MINUTE! I'M NO MOUNTAIN-PUFF. GOAT!

OKAY, TWO MINUTES. I'M KEEN ON GETTING TO THAT DEAD TREE FOR A LOOK-SEE.



OH, YEAH. SO THAT'S HIM.
HUSKY, AINT HE. HE'S GOT
A PAL WITH
HIM...LITTLE
SHRIMP
WHAT?!



WE'LL BEAR TO THE LEFT, SO WE CAN
SNEAK UP, WITH THE TREE 'TWEEN
US AND THEM... YOU FLATTEN
THE LITTLE GUY AND I'LL
SEE TO IT COLE HAS AN...
ACCIDENT!



BACK TO BARK HALL.

OKAY, FASANI, TIME'S UP. IT'S
ONLY A COUPLE HUNDRED
YARDS TO THE DEAD TREE.
LET'S GO—



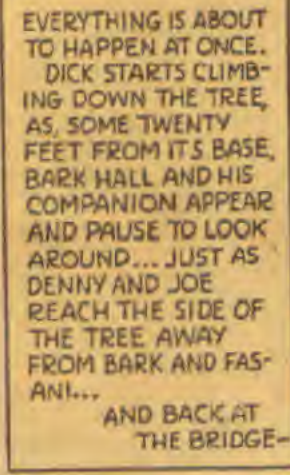
AND HIGH
UP IN THE
DEAD TREE—

SLIP'RY MUST'VE
SEEN MY SIGNAL
BY NOW. WHY
DIDN'T I ARRANGE A RETURN
SIGNAL?...WELL, I'M CLIMBING
DOWN.



EVERYTHING IS ABOUT
TO HAPPEN AT ONCE.
DICK STARTS CLIMB-
ING DOWN THE TREE,
AS, SOME TWENTY
FEET FROM ITS BASE,
BARK HALL AND HIS
COMPANION APPEAR
AND PAUSE TO LOOK
AROUND... JUST AS
DENNY AND JOE
REACH THE SIDE OF
THE TREE AWAY
FROM BARK AND FAS-
ANI...

AND BACK AT
THE BRIDGE—



CORP'L SLIP'RY,
FLASHES FROM
THE DEAD TREE.
LIEUTENANT
COLE'S SIGNAL,
I THINK.

DETONATE
THE CHARGE
AT THE FAR
END FIRST,
THEN THE ONE
AT THIS END
OF THE BRIDGE.
CHECK EVERYTHING,
THEN, LET HER GO.



READY, JOE!
JUMP 'EM!



WHAT THA-?!

I GOTCHA,
YAH
LOUSE!

THIS IS
FUN!



HOLY COW!
IT'S DENNY!
HE'S TRYIN' TO
THROW A FARR
CADET OVER A
CLIFF! LEMME
DOWN THERE—
QUICK!



DICK IS HALFWAY DOWN
WHEN ACROSS THE RIDGES
COMES THE EXPLOSION—



—AND A SMALL BOULDER HURTTLES
THROUGH THE AIR TO PLUNK INTO
THE LARGE CAVITY AT THE BASE
OF THE DEAD FOREST GIANT, WITH—



MOST SURPRISING RESULTS!



IRRITATED AT HAVING HER
WINTER SLEEP DISTURBED,
THE BEAR SLUGGISHLY
CHARGES FROM HER BED—

TO HAVE THE STRUGGLING
FASANI AND JOE CRASH INTO HER.



WITH A TERRIFIC GROWL SHE ROARS INTO ACTION.



JOE AND FASANI DISPOSED OF, THE BEAR WHEELS ON BARK AND DENNY STRUGGLING ON
THE BRINK OF THE CLIFF.



DENNY SEES THE FLIRY
DESCENDING UPON THEM.
FRANTICALLY HE BREAKS AWAY
FROM BARK AND TURNS TO RUN— BUT—

⑦

DENNY LANDS A GOOD 20 FEET AWAY AS BARK IS SEIZED IN A DEADLY EMBRACE.



DICK HITS THE GROUND, AND CHARGES—

GOOD GRIEF! IT'S BARK!



ROARING WITH PAIN, BRUIN DROPS BARK, WHIRLS ON DICK, AND, DROPS INTO SPACE AS THE LEDGE GIVES WAY.



HOLY COW! BARK'S GOING OVER, TOO!



GOTCHA! UP YOU COME! WHEW! JUST IN TIME!



AT THIS MOMENT THE SECOND CHARGE AT THE BRIDGE IS DETONATED—



SENDING A SHOWER OF ROCKS AND DEBRIS FAR INTO THE AIR.



AND WEAVING SLOWLY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN—

OH... OH... MY ARM! I... GOTTA... GET OUT OF... HERE... DIZZY... FEEL DIZZY. GOT TO SIT... DOWN.



READ ALL ABOUT DICK COLE'S COUSIN KINGSTON COLE JR. IN THE NEW DETECTIVE COMIC YOUNG KING COLE.

MONDAY NOON IN HOPETON, A VILLAGE NEAR
FARR MILITARY ACADEMY

YOUR ARM
IS INFECTED. WHY DIDN'T
YOU COME TO ME SOONER?

I PASSED OUT
BACK ON THE
MOUNTAIN. I
MADE IT AS
SOON AS I
COULD.



WELL, I'M TAKING YOU
TO THE CENTREVIEW
HOSPITAL. YOU STAND
A GOOD CHANCE OF
LOSING THAT ARM!

THAT BAD? HERE'S
A FIN, DOC. I'M
CATCHIN' THE NEXT
RATTLER FOR BIG-
CITY. I AINT TAKIN'
CHANCES ON NO
HICK HOSPITAL
SO, IT'S
THANKS,
AND,
S'LONG,
DOC.



MAJOR FARR'S OFFICE THE SAME AFTERNOON.

WELL RICHARD, CADET FASANI, WHILE
PROSTRATED BY THE BEAR'S BLOW,
SAW IT ALL. I CONGRATULATE YOU ON
YOUR BRAVERY. YOU SAVED THE
LIVES OF FASANI
AND HALL IN
THE BEST
TRADITION
OF FARR!
I AM PROUD
OF YOU,
RICHARD!

THANK YOU, SIR.
WHAT HAPPENED
TO DENNY AND
HIS FRIEND?
AND THE BEAR?



DENNY? AH, YES. THERE IS NO TRACE
OF HIM, BUT, HIS UNFORTUNATE
FRIEND DIED OF A BROKEN NECK.
BLOOD SPOTS BELOW THE LEDGE
MARKED WHERE THE BEAR
LANDED, BUT SHE WAS EVIDENTLY
ABLE TO TAKE HERSELF OFF.



IN THE FARR
INFIRMARY.

YOU'VE GOT FIVE BROKEN
RIBS AND I'VE BRUISES
AND A BUSTED COLLAR BONE, BUT WE'RE
SURE LUCKY, BARK! AND, WE CAN THANK
DICK COLE... HE "DID IT AGAIN"! I HOPE
YOU'LL BE MORE
FRIENDLY FROM
HERE IN.



YES, CONFOUND IT, HE "DID IT AGAIN"? WHY DOES
IT ALWAYS HAVE TO BE COLE? OH, I'M GRATEFUL,
YES! BUT, WE'LL NEVER BE FRIENDS, FASANI. WE
JUST DON'T CLICK!



HEY, GANG, DID
DENNY LOSE HIS
ARM? WE'LL FIND
OUT IN A LATER
ISSUE OF BLUE BOLT.

THEY CALL HIM YOUNG KING COLE. BUT HE RUNS ONE OF
THE OLDEST AND LARGEST DETECTIVE AGENCIES IN THE WORLD.



KRISKO AND JASPER

WE MOVE THINGS
IN ANY SHAPE
OR ANY FARM!

THE T' HAR SIGN ON
YER TRUCK SEZ
Y' MOVE THINGS IN
ANY SHAPE OR FARM.
DON'T IT? - WELL, THIS
HERE'S A FARM!

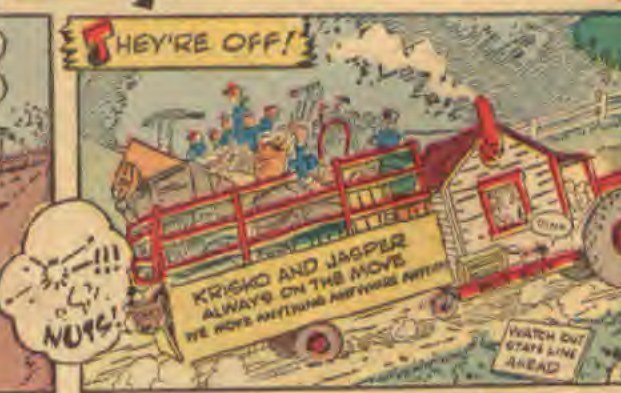
GOSH, KRISKO, I
GUESS WE'RE IN
FOR IT!

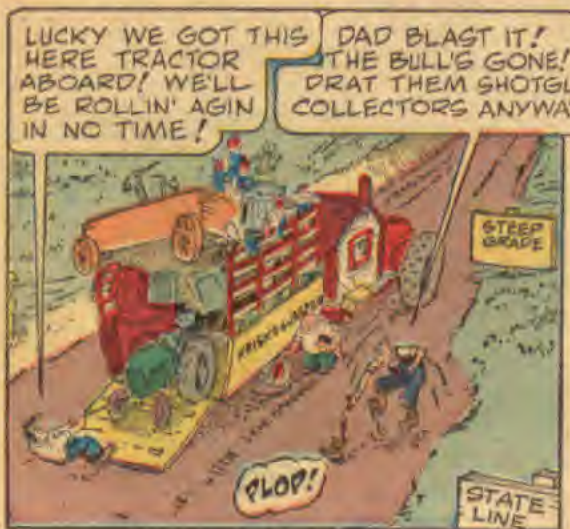
NO--THE BOYS AREN'T
HAVING A MOVING MAN'S
NIGHTMARE! FARMER
MCCARRON'S HOMESTEAD
IS THE MCCOY AND KRISKO
AND JASPER HAVE GOT
JUST FIVE AND ONE-HALF
PAGES OF ACTION TO TRANSFER
IT--CHICKENS, PIGS, AND ALL,
VIA THEIR NOT VERY TRUSTY
MOVING VAN TO THE NEXT
STATE ---AND THEN SOME!

BY JACILYN
HARRISON



LIKE DETECTIVE TALES? READ THE NEW MAGAZINE YOUNG KING COLL.



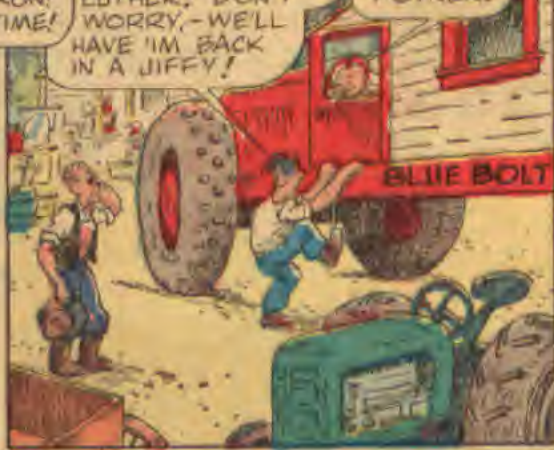


WHUT TH' DICKENS
DID YOU DO NOW?

OH, THIS HERE'S
OUR FAST UNLOADIN'
SYSTEM, MR MCCARRON!
SAVES A WORLD O' TIME!

SEE?—NOW WERE ALL
READY T' LOOK FER
LUTHER! DON'T
WORRY,—WE'LL
HAVE 'IM BACK
IN A JIFFY!

THET'S A LOT
O' BULL,
POTNER!

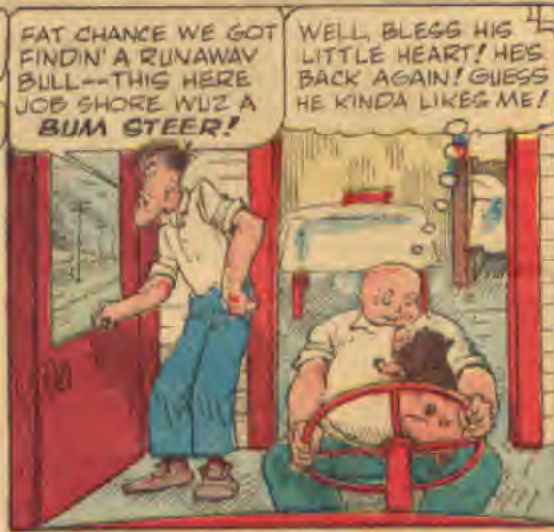


HEY, KRISKO, STOP
YOUR LI'L COUSIN--

HOW?

FAT CHANCE WE GOT
FINDIN' A RUNAWAY
BULL--THIS HERE
JOB SHORE WUZ A
BUM STEER!

WELL, BLESS HIS
LITTLE HEART! HE'S
BACK AGAIN! GUESS
HE KINDA LIKES ME!



AFTER HOURS OF VAIN SEARCH, THE
BOYS ARRIVE AT A COUNTY FAIR....!

THE FIRST PRIZE OF A SILVER
CUP AND \$5000⁰⁰ GOES TO
THIS
CHAMPEEN
SPECIMEN!

WAIT A
MINUTE!
WHAR'S TH' OWNER?

LEAST THERE'S **PEOPLE**
HERE! WE KIN ASK IF
THEY SEEN A BULL
ANYWHARS ABOUT!

LOOKEE THAR, MATEY!
DON'T THET LOOK LIKE
LUTHER WALKIN' IN THET
ROW O' BEEFSTEAKS?



WITH LUTHER ABOARD,
THE BOYS RIDE OFF
ON A WAVE OF CHEERS!

BOY, WONT OL' MCCARRON
BE S'PRISED WHEN WE GIT
BACK? WE OUGHTA GET A
BONUS FOR THIS!

KRISKO'S RIGHT-- FOR WHEN
THEY RETURN---



FIVE HOURS LATER, FOOTSORE AND
DOGTIRED, THE BOYS ARE BACK
WHERE THEY STARTED FROM!

SINCE I DIDN'T EVEN NEED YOU T'MOVE
ME, I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO PAY YOU ANYTHING!
--BUT, JU'S T' SHOW YUH MY HEART IS IN TH'
RIGHT PLACE--HERE'S YOUR FIFTY BUCKS!

WHY, YOU OLD COOT, WE OUGHTA
PUNCH THET SAWD-OFF CORN-COB
RIGHT DOWN YOUR THROAT!

TAKE IT EASY,
JASPER! I AINT
GOT TH'
ENERGY T' FIGHT!



PHOOEY! NO MORE
FARM JOBS FOR ME!
IT'S YOUR LOONY
SPELLIN' GOT US INTER
THET! --ANY SHAPE
OR FARM!--NUTS!

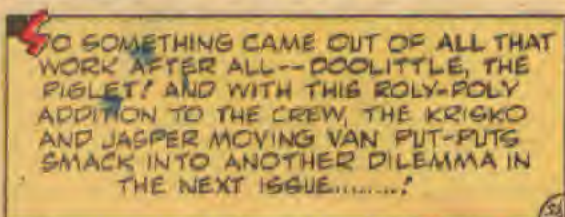
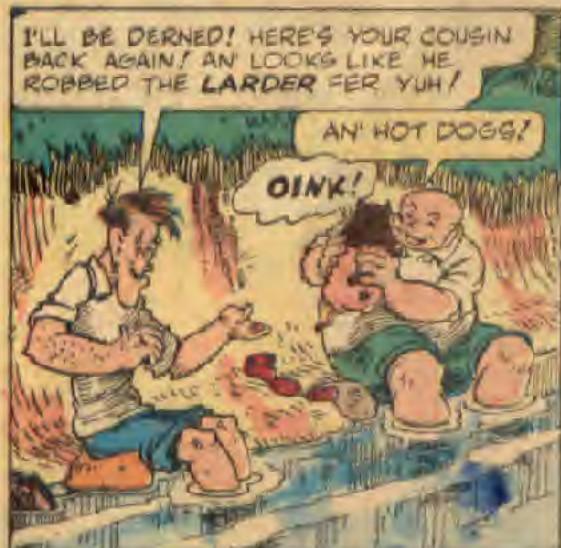
MY DOGS'RE
BARKIN' SO LOUD
I KAIN'T EVEN
HEAR YUH!--
LOOK WHAT'S
OFF FORT BOW--
A BABBLIN'
BROOK!

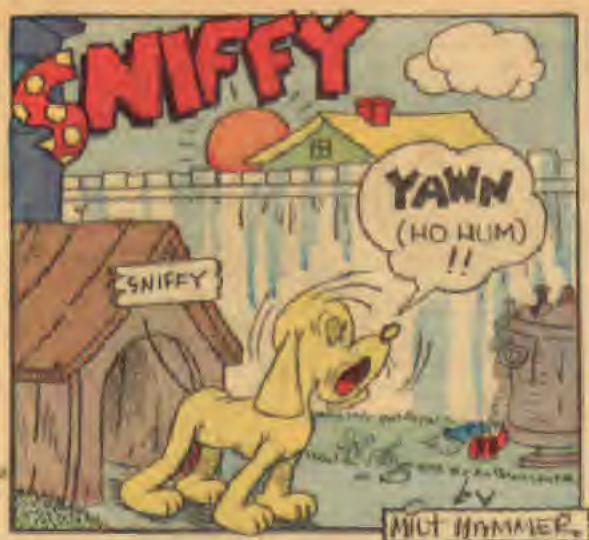


DONT THIS KINDA REMIND
YUH HOW WE USED T'
DANGLE OUR HOT DOGS
OUT OL' BLUE BOLT?
THEM WERE TH' DAYS!

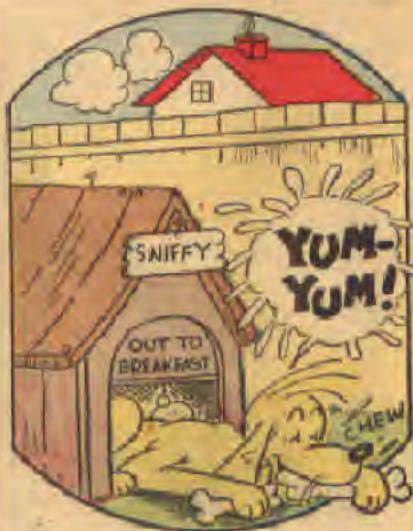
DID YOU SAY--
HOT DOGS?
BOY, I'M SO
HUNGRY, I COULD
EAT A KENNEL'
OF 'EM!







LIKE WHODUNITS?? READ YOUNG KING COLE!



FOR THE TOPS IN DETECTIVE TALES, READ YOUNG KING COLE!



IN GOVERNMENT ARCHIVES OF A CAPTURED ISLAND CONTAINING PLANS FOR THE FUTURE ADMINISTRATION OF THE JAPS--

AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER, A TRANSPORT AND TWO ZEROS BLOWN TO KINGDOM COME BY ONE MAN! WHAT A SCOOP FOR THIS LADY REPORTER!

QUIT BLABBERING, MARG HESSUN, AND GET IT OVER WITH! LOOK AT ME NOW-- STUCK IN AN OFFICE! BAH!

WELL, LOOK WHAT'S COMING!

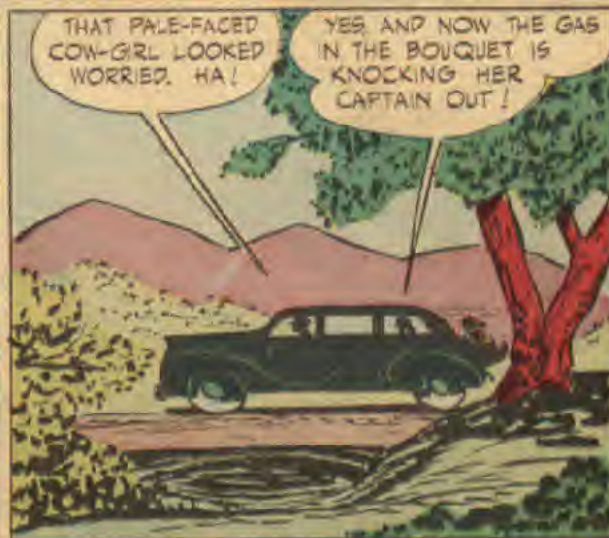
EXCUSE ME?

CAPTAIN BLUE BOLT, KINDLY ACCEPT THIS HUMBLE GIFT FOR LIBERATING MY PEOPLE!



THEY CALL HIM YOUNG KING COLE BUT HE RUNS ONE OF THE OLDEST AND LARGEST DETECTIVE AGENCIES IN THE WORLD.













AT THE FEARLESS FELLERS' CLUB HOUSE~



READ ALL ABOUT DICK COLE'S COUSIN, KINGSTON COLE JR.,
IN THE NEW DETECTIVE COMIC YOUNG KING COLE.









A REAL COWBOY NOW

BY
WIN CLINGER



TAD tossed and turned restlessly in his bed. It had been hours since his father had said to him, "Well, fellow, if you're going to help Jim Steward take his cattle to pasture tomorrow, you'd better get some sleep. Six o'clock will come quickly, and you'll be in the saddle all day." But still Tad couldn't sleep.

It was not excitement alone that kept him awake. Naturally, he was thrilled that Mr. Steward had thought he was a good enough rider to ask him to help out. He had worked hard to learn to ride in the month and a half on the Wyoming dude ranch with his family. But it was Ramond's disapproval that upset him now!

Ramond was Mr. Steward's ace cowboy. Tad thought he was just about the best rider he'd ever seen and was sure no one could rope and tie as well as Ramond. Unfortunately, the adoration was not mutual. Ramond didn't want to be bothered with Tad, thought he was just a sissy Eastern boy and never forgot that the lad was a dude.

So Tad lay thinking about the roundup, hoping that he'd do a good job and Ramond wouldn't be angry.

It seemed only a few minutes until he felt his bed shaking. He looked up to see his father bending over him saying, "It's time to get up, Tad, you have overslept."

Dressed and up at the corral, Tad pulled the cinch tightly under Sundown's stomach, tested the saddle,

swung himself up. Off they went at a fast gallop through the fields. But Tad was sick because he knew he'd been the one to delay them. "Boy," he thought, "Ramond will really be mad now."

After a half hour's ride at a full gallop, Tad and his father finally caught up with Jim Steward and Ramond riding behind the herd of cattle. "It was my fault we were late, Mr. Steward. I overslept the alarm—guess I was too excited last night and was making up for lost time this morning."

"That's o.k., Tad. I knew you'd all would catch up so we went on. Mornin' Mr. Walsh, some fine ridin' you did there—made good time."

Jim and Tad's father started talking, and Tad turned to Ramond.

"Hello," Tad said, "I'm sorry I'm late—how's Jiggs this morning?"

Jiggs was Ramond's dog, and Ramond never went anywhere without him.

"Knew ya'd not get here on time—Jiggs is o.k.—you cover that there upper right side and don't get yerself in any trouble. I can't be watchin' ye every minute," Ramond growled.

Tad reined Sundown over to the right and rode up behind the cattle. His father had gone over to the far left of the herd, Jim was next and then Ramond who was nearest Tad. Except for keeping close watch of the cattle, the riding was easy. Tad rode slowly along, thinking that he'd never had such a good time in all

his life.

Just as he was beginning to think that he'd become a cowboy for life, he heard a terrific snort from two bulls up ahead and saw them pounce at something on the ground not far from him. He rode up quickly to see Jiggs right in their path. He started to yell for Ramond, but realized that the cowboy couldn't get there in time. So he gritted his teeth, spurred Sundown, and rode into the midst of the fray, shouting at the top of his lungs. He whipped his rope around his head, and let it slap the animals as he'd seen the riders in the rodeo do. After quite a struggle, he diverted the attention of the bulls and Jiggs was able to escape.

Ramond heard the skirmish and raced over, cursing under his breath. He arrived just in time to see what Tad had done for Jiggs! He dismounted to look the dog over and found him o.k. except for a sore paw.

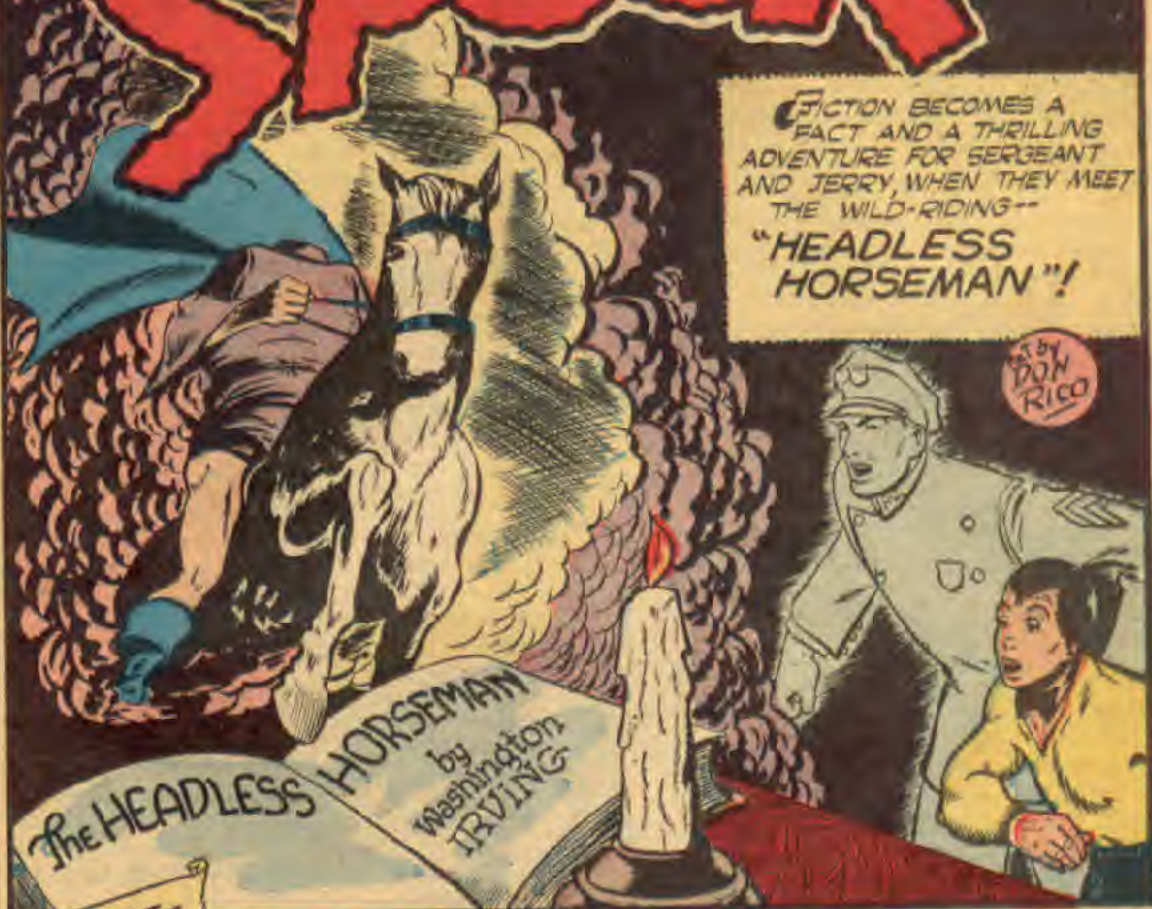
Then Ramond rode over to Tad. "You're quite a cowboy, young feller, and I thank you a lot fer savin' my dog. If it hadn't been for you, ole Jiggs here might have been lunch fer them ole bulls. You can go along with me jest any time ya want ta."

Tad was so happy that he couldn't say anything. "Gee," he thought, "am I a lucky guy. I bet the fellows back home would like to be able to ride anywhere Ramond rides—he's a real cowboy, and what's more, he thinks I'm a pretty good one myself."

Sergeant Spook

FICTION BECOMES A
FACT AND A THRILLING
ADVENTURE FOR SERGEANT
AND JERRY, WHEN THEY MEET
THE WILD-RIDING--
"HEADLESS
HORSEMAN"!

by
DON
RICO



ONE NIGHT--

OH, GOSH!
I'LL NEVER GET
STARTED ON MY
ENGLISH HOMEWORK!

(SIGH!)
(SIGH!)

WHAT'S THE
TROUBLE,
JERRY?

GLAD YOU DROPPED
IN, SPOOK! I'M TO
WRITE A THESIS
ON WASHINGTON
IRVING'S "HEADLESS
HORSEMAN", BUT I
CAN'T GET INTO
THE MOOD!

MAYBE I
CAN FIX
THAT!

SUPPOSE I TAKE YOU OUT
TO SLEEPY HOLLOW, AND SHOW
YOU WHERE ICABOD CRANE
FIRST SAW THE HEADLESS
HORSEMAN--

SOUNDS SWELL
LET'S GO!

THEY CALL HIM YOUNG KING COLE, BUT HE RUNS ONE OF
THE OLDEST AND LARGEST DETECTIVE AGENCIES IN THE WORLD.

MINUTES
LATER--

WE'RE OVER
SLEEPY HOLLOW NOW!
HERE WE GO FOR A
FOUR-POINT LANDING!

YOUR ZEPHYR
CYCLE SURE
TRAVELS FAST!



HE'S BEEN RIDING ALMOST EVERY
NIGHT LATELY--SCARED NEARLY
EVERYONE OUT OF TOWN! BUT I'M
NOT SCARED! NOT CYRUS BLOCUM!
I'LL TRACK THE
DEMON DOWN!

GOSH! THAT
MAN MUST
BE LOCO!



THE HEADLESS
HORSEMAN WAS
FIRST SEEN
ON THIS ROAD!

WHAT A
CREEPY
PLACE!
LISTEN!
SOMEONE'S
COMING!

BETTER GET
OFF THE ROAD!
CAN'T TELL
WHEN THE
HEADLESS
HORSEMAN
WILL BE
RIDING AGAIN!

RIDING
AGAIN?

THE LEGEND
MUST HAVE
AFFECTED
HIS BR---
WHAT'S THAT?

SPOOK!
SOUNDS LIKE
HOOFBEATS!



(COUGH!)

SUDDENLY!!

A GALLOPING
HORSE! OUT OF
THE WAY!!





IN A FLASH, HORSE AND WEIRD RIDER DISAPPEAR DOWN THE ROAD!



THIS
TERROR
HAS GOT
TO BE
STOPPED!

SEEMS
STRANGE
THAT A
HORSE CAN
RIDE THROUGH
A BUILDING!

IN BACK
OF
THE INN—

THE HOOFPRIITS
AGAIN! THEY LEAD
RIGHT FROM THE
INN!

GOSH! THAT PROVES
THE HORSE RODE
THROUGH THIS PLACE!
GUESS OUR BEST BET
IS TO KEEP FOLLOWING
THE HOOFPRIITS ---

C'MON, JERRY!
WE'LL DO SOME
HUNTING
ON OUR OWN!

AFTER A SHORT DISTANCE...

THEY STOP HERE
ON THE BANK OF
THE RIVER. THERE
ARE NO TRACKS
ON THE ICE!

WELL, MOVE
ON; MAYBE
WE'LL HIT
ON SOME-
THING ELSE!

THROUGH THE
LOVELY
COUNTRYSIDE,
THE PAIR
TRUDGE, EVER
SEARCHING FOR
A CLUE... BUT
ENDLESS SNOW,
ETCHED WITH GRIM
SHADOWS IS ALL
THEY SEE... AND
THE MOURNFUL
WHISTLING OF
THE WIND IS ALL
THEY HEAR!

THEN--A BLOTCH ON THE
SNOW--A HUMAN FIGURE!--

THAT LOOKS
LIKE CYRUS
SLOCUM!
COME ON!

DEAD! --CRUSHED TO
DEATH--AND THERE
ARE HOOFPRIITS ON
HIM!

THAT MEANS
--THE
HEADLESS
HORSEMAN!

IT'S MIGHTY
DANGEROUS TO
BE WANDERING
AROUND HERE!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND
THE INNKEEPER--
HE'S LIABLE
TO MEET THE SAME
FATE!

ANOTHER DESPERATE SEARCH, AND--

THERE HE IS!
MR. THOMAS!

WHEW!
AT LAST!



WHAT'S THE MATTER,
BOY? WHAT ARE YOU
ROAMING AROUND
FOR? THIS HUNT
IS A MAN'S JOB!

IT'S TOO
DANGEROUS
FOR ANYBODY!
CYRUS SLOCUM
IS DEAD!
I FOUND HIS
BODY!



DEAD?...
POOR CY!! HE WAS
MY FRIEND! WHAT A
HORRIBLE WAY FOR
HIM TO DIE--
TRAMPLED ON
BY THAT BEAST!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'M GOING
BACK TO THE INN AND PACK
MY THINGS AND GET OUT!
YOU'D BETTER GO ON HOME,
TOO, BOY!...OR YOU'LL
BE A DEAD ONE!

I-I'M
GOING!



GUESS WE'LL
HAVE TO GIVE UP TOO,
SPOOK! WE CAN'T HANDLE
A WILD HORSE, AND A HEAD-
LESS MAN!

HMMM! JERRY, WE'RE
GOING BACK TO WHERE WE
CAME FROM, AND I DON'T
MEAN HOME! WE'RE GOING
TO THAT ROAD WHERE
WE SAW THE HORSE!



HERE WE ARE, BUT
I DON'T SEE WHY YOU--
--LISTEN! THE
HOOFBEATS!



SCANT
SECOND
LATER, A
WILDLY
GALLOPING
STEED
APPEARS!



THE HEADLESS
HORSEMAN!
IT'S AFTER ME!!

JERRY BREAKS
INTO A
DESPERATE
RUN - THE
SPEEDY
DEMON IN HOT
PURSUIT!



HELP! I'LL BE
TRAMPLED!
HELP!!



OH!!

JERRY!
YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT,
AREN'T YOU?

YES! THAT'S FUNNY! I FELL,
AND THE HORSE WENT
OVER ME, BUT I DIDN'T
FEEL A THING!



IT WENT OVER YOU,
I EXPECTED THAT! THIS
BEGINS TO ADD UP! HMM,
MUST HAVE COME FROM
SOMEPLACE ON THE
OPPOSITE SIDE! THAT
SHACK'S THE MOST
LIKELY--
COME ON!

INSIDE THE SHACK--

WELL, WELL--A
MOVIE PROJECTOR!
LET'S TAKE A LOOK
AT THE FILM!

HOLY
COW!

HERE'S OUR HORSE,
JERRY! IT'S ON THIS FILM,
AND WAS THROWN ONTO
THE SNOWY HILLSIDE!



HUH?
WHY? YOU'RE
AS BIG A PUZZLE
AS THE HORSE!



IT'S EQUIPPED WITH A SOUND
TRACK, TOO -- THAT GAVE OFF
HOOFBEATS GREATLY
AMPLIFIED! HMMM--A REMOTE
CONTROL SWITCH, TOO!

DON'T MOVE, BRIGHT
BOY! VERY PLEASED
WITH YOURSELF, AREN'T
YOU?

THOMAS!

GOSH--WHAT
A SETUP!!!





I'LL TALK! I DISCOVERED OIL IN THE STREAM NEARBY--A FORTUNE IN IT--BUT THE STREAM IS GOVERNMENT PROPERTY--I COULDN'T GET AT THE OIL WITHOUT INTERFERENCE--UNLESS I DROVE EVERYONE AWAY!

I'M SOMEWHAT OF AN INVENTOR, SO I RIGGED UP THE PROJECTOR AND RAN IT FROM MY INN BY REMOTE CONTROL. I KEPT A HORSE IN THE RAVINE, AND RODE IT AROUND BEFOREHAND TO MAKE THE HOOF-PRINTS!

SCARED EVERYONE AWAY BUT CYRUS-- STUBBORN FOOL! I HAD TO KILL HIM!

YOU MADE IT LOOK AS IF HE HAD BEEN TRAMPLED ON AND PRETENDED YOU WERE NEARLY TRAMPLED! WE'RE GOING TO THE SHERIFF!



AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE--

WE'VE GOT THOMAS'S CONFESSION DOWN! HE'LL STAND TRIAL FOR MURDER! WHAT BEATS ME IS HOW A KID LIKE YOU GOT WISE--

WELL--HUH-- CALL IT INTUITION!

SPOCK, WHEN DID YOU SUSPECT THOMAS?

WHEN HE SAID SLOCUM HAD BEEN TRAMPLED TO DEATH! WE HADN'T SAID HOW SLOCUM HAD DIED!

THINK YOU'RE IN THE MOOD TO WRITE ABOUT THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN NOW, JERRY?

SPOCK--I COULD WRITE A BOOK!



COPS AND ROBBERS.

HELLO / HEADQUARTERS...

REPORTING A ROBBERY. I GOT ONE OF THEM!

GOOD - GOOD - WHICH ONE?

THE ONE THAT WAS HELD UP!

FLOP

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NO ONE KNOWS WHY THE SARGASSO SEA, A PATCH OF OCEAN IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC, IS ENTIRELY COVERED WITH SEAWEED? ITS EXISTENCE WAS FIRST REPORTED BY COLUMBUS.

THIS STUFF ALWAYS GETS IN MY HAIR!

EVERYONE KNOWS HOW DELICIOUS SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS TASTE —AND HOW FAST THEY RELIEVE COUGHS DUE TO COLDS!

THEY'RE JUST LIKE CANDY!

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL-5¢



TRADE

MARK

Edison Bell



FOR THRILLING ADVENTURE READ YOUNG KING COLE!





EDS PLAN IS FANTASTIC--YET PRACTICAL!
DANGEROUSLY PRACTICAL!



AT THE TOP ED IS FORCED TO ACT FAST FOR HE HEARS THE TRAIN'S WHISTLE!



HE LEANS AS FAR OUT AS POSSIBLE -- TUGS VIOLENTLY AT THE VANE, AND IT GIVES! DOWN IT GOES --



DOWN! DOWN--IN A MADDENING ARC IT SWINGS WITH ITS HUMAN CARGO HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE!



THE SIGNAL IS CHANGED!--AND ED'S HEART BEATS FAST! HE HEARS THE TRAIN ROAR BY--INTACT!



IT WORKED!--BUT NOW I'D BETTER DUCK--THOSE THUGS WILL BE INQUISITIVE!

ED MAKES THE MISTAKE OF RE-ENTERING THE MILL!



COME OUT!--COME OUT OR WE'LL BURN YOU ALIVE!

GIVE IT THE TORCH!

THE FRANTIC GUNMEN SET FIRE TO THE MILL--BUT AS THEY TURN TO LEAVE--



COPPERS!

THOSE ARE THE MEN, MR. BELL!

LET 'EM HAVE IT!

THE GUN DUEL IS SHORT-LIVED--BOTH CRIMINALS STOP SLUGS AND GIVE UP!



MY SON! I'M GOING IN AFTER HIM!

WAIT, DAD! HERE I AM! I KNEW A SPECIAL WAY OUT!

ED EXPLAINS ALL--AND THE BOYS ARE CONGRATULATED!

ED, WHAT WERE YOU BOYS DOING HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?

(U.P.) WELL, SARGE--YSEE--WE THOUGHT WE MIGHT BORROW THE OLD MILL STONE AND--



BORROW IT? HA! HA! TAKE IT!--THIS IS RAILROAD PROPERTY!--I'M SURE THEY'LL BE GLAD TO TRADE ONE STONE WHEEL FOR A THOUSAND RUBBER ONES! YOU SEE, THOSE CROOKS WERE AFTER A SHIPMENT OF NEW TIRES!



WONDERFUL! THANKS, SARGE!

THE END.

MAKE THESE ALL WOOD TRAIN and TUNNEL BOOK ENDS

RIGHT THROUGH THE BOOKS!

HERE'S A PAIR OF BOOK ENDS THAT WILL MAKE YOUR PALS SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE. THEY'RE EASY TO MAKE, TOO! IF YOU WANT TO SAVE TIME, CUT DOWN AN OLD TOY LOCOMOTIVE AND CAR...OR BUY A COUPLE OF KITS AND MAKE 'EM.

NOTE: TO GIVE THE "GROUND" AND STONE WORK ON THE TUNNELS A REALISTIC FINISH, PAINT WITH SHELLAC AND DUST SAND ONTO IT BEFORE IT DRIES.

RAILS AND TIES ARE MADE OF THIN WOOD AND NAILED DOWN... AFTER "GROUND" IS SANDED. SEE "NOTE," UPPER RIGHT.

SIDE VIEWS

RED BEADS FOR LANTERNS

USE THIN WIRE TO FASHION RAILINGS AND REAR STEPS.

ALL WOOD PIECES!

EXPLODED VIEW OF OBSERVATION CAR

GLUE PARTS TOGETHER

DOOR AND WINDOWS PAINTED ON.

SOLID WOOD

WOOD OR CARDBOARD WHEELS.

EXPLODED VIEW OF LOCOMOTIVE

ALL WOOD PIECES

LENGTH OF DOWELING

GLUE PARTS TOGETHER.

BUY YOUR COPY OF YOUNG KING COLE. IT'S CHOCK FULL OF EXCITING DETECTIVE YARNS. ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND.

FEAR

• By •
HELEN BLAIR

"THESE Minnesota winters are really rugged," reflected Jeff Hawley, as he adjusted his ski straps and slid down the snowbank. When he turned to wave goodbye to the fellows gathered in the doorway, he could barely distinguish their outlines through whirling flakes.

This storm promised to be the heaviest of the season; radio reports warned the citizens of the city to stay indoors . . . just wait it out. All the transit systems were tied up, telephone wires were down beneath the weight of the snow. Anybody who had to travel, used snowshoes, or skis, as Jeff was doing. The difference between Jeff and the other travelers was that they were natives, accustomed to the difficult winters, and the problems involved, and most of them were expert skiers. Jeff qualified on the last of these. His years in an eastern school at home, had developed this skill.

He felt confident as he headed north out of the city. He was delivering a telegram, a small piece of yellow paper, ten words . . . the key to the happiness of two old people. For days before the blizzard struck, Mr. and Mrs. Carson had haunted the telegraph office, just sitting together on the bench in the corner, waiting for news of their young grandson. Word came from the southern hospital that the operation was to take place in two days, a very small chance of recovery, but a chance that must be taken with their o.k. The Carsons had been at home for those two days, waiting by the phone, safely inside their little farmhouse while the winds mounted in fury. Occupied with his thoughts, Jeff failed at first to notice the skulking shadows circling about him as he slid over the drifted snow. Then he recalled the warnings of the fellows. Timber wolves! They came to the outskirts of the city during a

storm. They came in groups, ready to attack at the first cringing sign of fear. Fear was not foreign to Jeff, though he'd hoped it had passed with his childhood. He plunged forward against the wind, watching the shadows weave toward him and then away again. Jeff shivered . . . not from the cold, but from the knowledge that fear had to be stilled. A piercing howl cut through the wind. "They can't sense my very thoughts," muttered Jeff. The howl sounded once more. "I'm not afraid, I can't be, won't be . . ." Then came the fall, over a tree stump poking up out of the snow. Jeff was face down in the cold. He scrambled to his feet in time to discern the faces of the animals as they came close. He stood perfectly straight, very still, hardly breathing. The wolves lingered, circled about him, slunk back . . . and away.

Jeff delivered the telegram, saw the smiling faces and the tears of relief. He returned to the city, singing into the wind. What a story for the guys!

— THE END —

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF BLUE BOLT, published 10 issues per year, at Philadelphia, Penna., for October 9, 1945.

State of Pennsylvania
County of Philadelphia

I, Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and Publisher, do hereby certify that the above is a true and correct statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of the above publication for the date shown in the above certificate, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, enacted in section 392, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Premium Service Co., Inc., 111 West 19th St., New York 11, N. Y.; Editor, Robert D. Wheeler, 18 Colonial Road, Port Washington, L. I., N. Y.; Managing Editor, Jane Spaulding Nye, 30 5th Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, None.

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ROBERT D. WHEELER, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of October, 1945.

HENRY A. WIERMAN, Notary Public
(My commission expires March 14, 1947)

BLUEBOLTS and NUTS

I WONDER WHY BIRDS
GET UP SO EARLY IN
TH' MORNING!



HECK! IF YOU
HAD TO SLEEP ON
STICKS 'N STRAW,
YOU'D GET UP
EARLY,
TOO!!

BETCHA CAN'T TELL ME WOT
RUNS ACROSS TH' KITCHEN
FLOOR WITHOUT ANY LEGS??



ER-
WATER!!

ALICE HAMMER

WOT DID CAESAR SAY WHEN
BRUTUS STABBED HIM??



ER-
OUCH
!!

TRICKY MATCHBOX

IT TURNS COMPLETELY AROUND!
IT STANDS! IT OPENS!
A world of fun in a matchbox with only 10¢ in store!
FOR MATCHES

THE MATCHMAN
MK-2463 Kensington Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

WHICH MONTH
HAS 28 DAYS
IN IT??



THEY ALL
HAVE-DON'T
THEY
?

AND WHAT WILL
YOU DO WHEN
YOU GET AS BIG
AS ME, SONNY??



DIET
!!!

WOT WAS IT LIKE WHEN YOU
RODE IN TH' ELEVATOR??



OH, I WENT INTO
A SMALL ROOM, 'N
TH' UPSTAIRS
CAME DOWNSTAIRS
!!

IF YOU HAD STARTED FER
SCHOOL EARLIER THIS
MORNING, YOU WOULDN'T
HAVE HAD TO STAY IN
FER BEING
TARDY!!



I COULDN'T HELP IT-
IT WAS TOO LATE
TO START EARLY!!

DO YOU LIKE THOROUGHLY EXCITING ADVENTURE?
THEN READ YOUNG KING COLE.

HAVE YOU HEARD

THESE YOUNG RADIO STARS??



THIS VETERAN OF RADIO AND BROADWAY, **MICHAEL ARTIST**, 12 YEARS OLD, WAS A PIANIST BEFORE HE BECAME AN ACTOR. NOW MIKE'S PLAYING WIKI IN NBC'S JUST PLAIN BILL...

DAWN BENDER HAS A PROFESSIONAL ACTING CAREER THAT IS AS LONG AS HER BERRIBBONED PIGTAILS. SHE HAS LONG PLAYED THE COVETED ROLE OF MARGARET ON THE NBC RADIO DRAMA ONE MAN'S FAMILY.. DAWN HAS ALSO APPEARED IN MOTION PICTURES..



DIX DAVIS PLAYS JUDY'S BROTHER ON NBC'S DATE WITH JUDY... DIX IS ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S BUSIEST RADIO ACTORS..

ALF HAMMER

READ ALL ABOUT DICK COLE'S COUSIN KINGSTON COLE JR.
IN THE NEW DETECTIVE COMIC YOUNG KING COLE.



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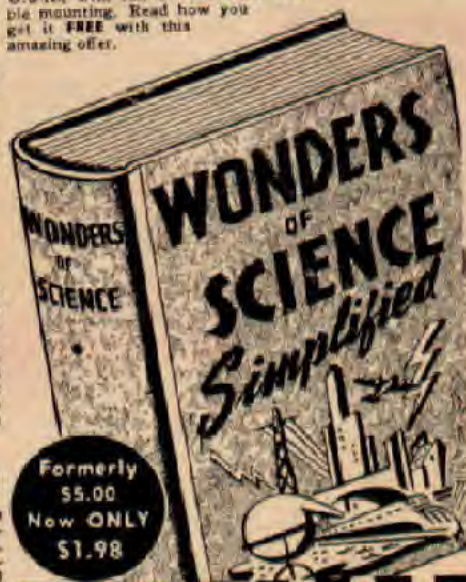
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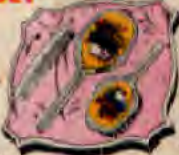
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